

DOCTOR • WHO

WASTE NOT

PART TWO

Previously in *Doctor Who Adventures*: the Doctor and Martha are on the planet *Zetheda*... a world buried in *rubbish*!

The *Rattings* have lived here for thousands of years - but now the *Optimi* have arrived...

... and they're *not* happy!

This world should be a *paradise*! We have travelled across the galaxy only to find it's little more than a *rubbish dump*!

Now be fair, *Vlar* - that's not the *Rattings'* fault.

They came here absolutely *ages* ago, *crashed* their spaceship and found themselves *stuck* on a planet being used as a *galactic landfill site*.

Yeah!

Over time they've *evolved* from human beings into what they are *now*...

Vermin!

Ye - *no*! No! Anyway, that's *intelligent* and *peace-loving* vermin to you, son...

Gah! You are *not* related to the *Optimi* in any way!

I wouldn't be so *sure* about that...

You're not kidding, Martha!

Rrarrrrghhh!

This is heading for a right old *bust-up*.

Run!

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
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Suddenly...



Aaiaaaaa!

Look out,
Vlar! The
Worgoths will
eat *anything*!



Oh no, not
again!

Subsidence
- caused by the
Worgoth. The planet's
surface must be a
honeycomb of *caves*
and *tunnels*...



Gah! Where *are* we?
What is this place?

That looks like
some sort of *computer*
station - but what's it
doing down *here*?



Not much, by
the looks of it. It's
pretty *ancient*!

But at a *guess*,
I'd say it was some
kind of annex to the
distress beacon we
saw in the Ratlings'
Chamber of
Refuse!



Maybe it was left here at
the *same time* - when the
spaceship that brought
Elizar's people here
crash-landed.

Very likely.

No one has *ever*
seen this chamber
before...



That's a pity, 'cos it looks like it's all still in working order.



Stand back please! This chamber is *sacred* to the Ratlings.

How can that be? You only *discovered* it a minute ago.



Nevertheless, this is the planet of the *Ratlings* - and as *King*, I declare this equipment to be *sacrosanct*!

Impossible. This equipment belongs to *us*.



Or more properly, our *ancestors*. This is an ancient *terraforming device*, probably left in operation by the *original settlers*. I recognise the technology base.

Ah, now I see...



The Optimi are the *future* of the *human race*, Martha - or at least, *part of it*. But they've *evolved*, after thousands of years of *space travel*, into something a bit *different*...

You mean like the *Ratlings* evolved from humans on *this planet*?

Yeah - they both evolved in *different ways*, but they share the *same ancestors*.



Weird. I mean, *cute* - but *weird*. And that machine? What did Vlar call it?

A *terraforming device*. In the old days, humans used to *change* any alien planets they found to make 'em more *like Earth*. A machine like that can *completely* alter an entire world's *environment*.



And look at *this...*

It's a *door* - but to where?

Only one way to find out - *open it!*



It's controlled by a *DNA recognition code...* looks like it'll only open to an *original human* hand print. That rules *me* out, anyway... *and* the Ratings and Optimi too.

But not me - *open sesame!*



Oh... my... goodness...!





Incredible!
Impossible!

It's... *beautiful!*
Unreal! A *whole new world* contained *inside* this one! I've never seen anything *like* it!



But how is it possible?

The terraforming device must have been activated *inside* the planet. It's done its work in *here* instead of on the *surface*.



Look - it's even got its *own sun!* That must be the strange *power source* the TARDIS detected - an artificially-generated solar dot! Oh, that is *beautiful...*



So this is the *new home* intended for the *original* human settlers... only something went *wrong*.

The terraformer worked all right - but the colonists were *locked out*.

And over the years, living on the surface with *all the litter*, they evolved into the *Ratlings*.



It looks like *Vlar* and his *Optimi* have found their *legendary paradise* here after all...

... although I don't think *Elizar* is *convinced*.



But it's *perfect!*
Don't you *see?*

This is the ultimate
answer to all your
problems! Oh, Martha
- you tell 'em!



The Doctor's *right*
- the solution's staring
you in the face.



"Vlar, you can lead the *Optimi*
to their promised land - the
paradise world you've been
searching for all these years
is *right here...*"



"And *Elizar* - you get to
keep your *world of rubbish*
on the surface, left just as it
is - *unspoilt* and as *smelly*
as you like!"



Later...

My people owe you
a great debt of
gratitude! Feel *free* to
take this *old coat* as a
souvenir of your visit
to Zetheda!

Uh... right...
cheers,
Elizar.

On behalf of the
Optimi, I offer you
both my *thanks*
- now and forever.

Vlar - welcome to your
new world... just don't *spoil*
it. And Elizar - you can be
proud of your *rubbish planet*
too. Just *watch out* for those
Worgoths! Goodbye!

More adventures next issue!